

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)
Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owner.

A HERO.

He never bucked the center
On the gory, ghastly field;
He never grasped a bully's throat
And choked him till he "squealed;"
He never entered a balloon
To navigate the air;
He never shot a tiger or
Explored a leopard's lair.
He never plunged into the flood
To save a drowning maid;
He never climbed a snow-clad peak
Or faced a flashing blade;
He never rescued from the flames
A gasping little child;
He never saved a thousand lives
From an engine running wild.
He never faced the cannon's mouth,
Oh heard grim war's alarm;
He never closed his eyes and rushed
Unheeding to harm;
He never clasped a maiden fair
And held her foes at bay;
He never risked his life to stop
A frightful runaway.
But, though the skies be dark above
And fortune seems to frown—
Though everything appears to have
Combined to keep him down—
He plods along his weary way
With hope still in his breast;
He never murmurs, but is just
Content to do his best.
—Cleveland Leader.

A CURIOUS COUPLE.

The village of R— is one of the quaintest little places imaginable. It is so small, and so out of the way, that you would never find it, except by accident. Indeed, it stands apart in some fields, absolutely concealed in a hollow, and is only approached on one side by a footpath (which in the winter is usually under water), on another by a cart track of the rudest and roughest description. When you do arrive there, the first object to strike you is the church.

There is something pleasing, something grateful to the eye in this gray, plain, disproportioned little structure. It seems to fit into its surroundings admirably; the farmyard, the cottages, the brook flowing just below (they call it "the river" there, where everything is on so reduced a scale), the ever-present geese and sheep and cattle, and the perfect seclusion of surrounding pastures. Nothing but green which ever way you look. No houses (except the quaint little cluster round the church), no distant view; everything shut in by the slopes which skirt the valley; a complete environment of everlasting fields.

I have seen many churchyards. This one, lying begirt on all sides by the farmstead, tiny, indifferently kept, shaded by many cypresses and weeping ash, where scarcely once a year, perhaps, the slumbering soil disturbed for a new grave, and where everything speaks of dreamy restfulness, this churchyard of R— is the spot in which I myself would soonest choose to lie. One I knew who now reposes there—a former rector; the kindest, heartiest, tenderest, most beloved of pastors. Those who have since died in R— have all wished to be laid near him. And now around him sleeps a little cluster of his homely-handed friends. A happy family. The whole churchyard is peaceful. But in that especial corner the peacefulness seems always most profound.

It was this rector's nephew and successor—for R— has been a family living any time this two centuries past—to whom I am indebted for the following story. He often strolled out with me when I went to paint, and, while smoking innumerable pipes, told me many interesting local yarns. This one, however, the facts of which had lately come under his own experience, quite overtopped all the others in strikingness and peculiarity. Here it is, substantially in my informant's words:

"You see that cottage over there?" he said, pointing to a dismantled hovel in the corner of the field where I had pitched my canvas.
"I nodded."
"A most remarkable history is attached to it," he went on. "Not a legend, but a fact. Of this, I can assure you, because I myself had a hand in finding it out. It centers round a certain couple who lived there—the most extraordinary old folk that I ever came across. I should like you to have seen them. I think you would have admitted them to be the ugliest pair in England, as they certainly were the most close and unfriendly. During the 16 years that they lived in that cottage, they never once asked a neighbor in-side."

"Umph! Hermits, indeed," I observed.
"Absolute hermits. There was, however, some slight excuse for their eschewing all outside company. Each suffered from a severe physical infirmity. The woman was nearly stone deaf; the man was dumb. When they first came here—18 years ago now, I think—my uncle, who, as you know, was then rector, tried to find out what he could about them. He only learned a little, and that little was nothing out of the way. It transpired that the man was an ex-sailor of the royal navy, who had lost his speech after a severe attack of yellow fever in the West Indies. He was now entitled to a pension, which he drew half yearly, and which my uncle only knew about by the fact that the old fellow had come to him periodically to get his papers signed. The woman was his sister, so she gave the neighbors to understand, and so also might have been inferred from a certain family likeness which was noticeable between them. She was a most ill-favored hag; shriveled, unkempt, and dirty beyond description. Although she then must have been nearer 70 than 60, her long, tumbled hair was still as black as a coal, and hung in hideous untidiness about her hawk-like face, which, with its dark eyes, and its hooked nose, was most uncommonly forbidding.

The poor people all pronounced her a witch; and, for that reason, gave her a wide berth. Probably the woman purposely encouraged the idea. For her great aim and object was, evidently, to be left alone.

"Although her brother's pension, amounting to about 1s. 11d a day, was ample to keep two old folks decently, and even comfortably, in that cheapest of neighborhoods, these two always gave the impression of being half starved, and I do not believe that either of them purchased a new article of clothing the whole time they lived in R—. From this people began to infer that they were misers, and as time went on many things happened to strengthen the inference. All along they had discovered the greatest anxiety and apprehension when anyone tried to gain access to their hovel. Indeed, my uncle has often told me that the expression of the old people's faces when he called there, and one or other of them peered round the chained door at him, was really quite comical in its suspicious trepidation; and the older they grew, the more pronounced did their precautions to prevent outsiders entering become.

"At first they had sometimes ventured to look up their house and make an excursion together into F—." (He named the adjoining market town, which I will not further particularize.) "But by and by they gave up such recklessness entirely, and whenever one of them went out, the other always remained on guard at home. The precaution was quite necessary. All the poor in the neighborhood were by this time fully convinced that there was something 'unked' about them; and no one in R—, or for miles round, would have willingly crossed their threshold, even if the door had been left open. But these old misers were altogether too suspicious to reason, and seemed to live in an ever-increasing fear of having their privacy invaded.

"My uncle (as he himself told me shortly before his death) was greatly exercised about his two strange parishioners. Many rectors would have considered themselves absolved of all obligations toward people who not merely never attended church, but refused even to admit their clergyman into their house when he called. But that was not my uncle's way. Every poor man who lived in his parish he held to be under his pastoral protection, and he felt himself bound to look after his interests. In regard to these two old misers, however, it was difficult to know what was the kindest course. To let them live on in their present half-starved condition, and in that fearfully insanitary hovel, undisturbed, seemed no real kindness. And yet he was loath to set the parish or the sanitary officer upon their track. He held very strongly to the opinion that an Englishman's house—even if it be nothing better than a pigsty—is his castle; and, in his heart, by no means approved of the wide compulsory power then lately given to the local authorities.

"Besides, after all, what could such authorities do? Compel them to evacuate their miserable shanty, no doubt. But the old people would then simply change their local habitation, not their mode of life. And as regards starving themselves, not all the boards of guardians in Somerset could make people eat who did not choose to do so. It was possible, indeed, that they might be medically found of unsound mind; and, in that case, they could be removed to the workhouse infirmary or the county asylum. But even supposing that feasible, it was a course from which my uncle shrank. And the outcome of it all was that he let things remain in statu quo.

"When I succeeded him here, I went to call, now and then, on the old people; meeting, however, with the same treatment that my uncle had always experienced. Sometimes, they would not open the door at all; at others, they did so with the chain up, and conversed with me through a narrow aperture. In reply to my inquiries whether I could do anything, or give them any assistance, I always had a negative returned; until at last I gave up trying to make headway in so hopeless a direction, and left the two hermits pretty much to themselves.

"The man came to me regularly every half year to get his pension papers signed; and I took advantage of these opportunities to give him some friendly advice, and to remonstrate with him on his folly in starving himself and wearing such inadequate clothing in the coldest weather. At first I had made him a present of some old coats, trousers and flannel shirts. But I soon gave up that, for he never wore them. And I formed the impression that he had probably converted them into cash. In fact, I asked him one day what he had done with them all. He only looked cunning, affected stupidity, and made some unintelligible signs. Despite his dumbness, he could make me understand things very well when he liked—especially anything connected with his pension papers. It was only when he did not wish to make himself understood that his signs had no meaning in them.

"In this matter of coming to have his papers signed, he was, as I have said, always absolutely punctual. On March 25 and September 29 he appeared at the rectory as regularly as clockwork, taking me on the way to F—, where he had to present his papers at the post office. I always looked for him on the morning of those days, and always took the precaution to have my study windows wide open. The old man and water had long been mutual strangers, and the atmosphere which attended him was, to say the least, rather oppressive. When he was gone, I added to my disinfectant precautions with a strong pipe; and I can assure you that the foulest pipe in my rack had to be called into requisition. A sort of homeopathy, you see. However, this is by the way.

"He was always, as I have said,

punctual in coming. And when one Michaelmas day—it was just two years ago now—came and went without his putting in an appearance, I at once remarked it as a very noticeable circumstance. The next day I expected him—with opened windows—and the next, and the next; but he did not turn up. At length, after waiting a week, I felt sure that he must be ill, and went over to the shanty to inquire.

"I hammered at the door. Nobody answered. I hammered louder and louder, with the same result. In the end, as a last resort, I tried it. To my surprise, it was unfastened. I pushed it open and went in.

"I cannot tell you what my feelings were as I entered that miserable sty. A more dismal, forlorn, and withal filthy hovel has surely never been inhabited by human beings. There was scarcely any furniture. The walls were black and covered with cobwebs, and simply alive with creeping insects; and the floor—well, I won't attempt to describe it. I think you could cut the atmosphere with a knife, so thick and foul it was; and fetid, oh, insufferably fetid. It nearly poisoned me, and my first impulse was to beat a hasty retreat into the open. But a low moan from the corner attracted me. I looked; and there I saw a sight at once loathsome and pitiable.

"Crouching against the wall, upon the damp and moldy floor, was a figure covered with an old sack. I went nearer. At first I could not see which of the two it was. But, on looking more closely, I made it out to be the old woman. She was almost naked, except for the covering of the sack; and one of her yellow arms, which lay exposed, looked unspeakably lean and shriveled and wasted. I also noted another point. The tangled black hair, which had always struck me so about her, was now betrayed as not being her own. It was a wig; half on and half off at that moment, giving her a fearfully grotesque appearance, and clearly revealing her bald pate, scantily fringed with a few wisps of gray hair, beneath.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" I asked, bending down, and speaking in a loud, clear voice; for I knew her to be almost stone deaf.

"She stared at me with dazed, suspicious eyes, and said nothing; only moaning again.

"Are you ill?" I repeated.

"Another moan.

"Where is your brother?" I shouted.

"Has he left you alone?"

"She looked hard at me. I could see in her restless black eyes that this time she had caught the purport of my question.

"'Brother Tom?' she muttered.

"'Yes!' I roared. 'Where is he?'"

"She looked at me very cunningly. Her eyes seemed to wake up and sparkle with an almost unnatural brightness.

"'Don't you know?' she gasped.

"I shook my head.

"'Well, you shall hear,' she went on. 'I'm just going the same way myself, and it's no use keeping secrets any longer. He's dead!'"

"'Dead!' I exclaimed, supposing that her wits were wandering, for I had seen him at his hovel door less than a fortnight since. 'When did he die?'"

"'She gave a low chuckle.

"'Fifteen year ago!'"

"Now, of course, I saw that she was raving. Her hawk-like eyes, fixed on my face in a most forbidding leer, at once read my thoughts.

"'No, I ain't mad. It's the truth. He died 15 year ago, and I buried him myself under yonder hearthstone. Get them to dig it up, and you'll find his bones!'"

"As she spoke, the hag clutched my sleeve and half raised herself by a supreme effort. Her face wore a fiendishly exultant grin. Her whole expression was grotesque, and repulsive. She leered into my face with a look that I can never forget.

"'Yes, yes,' she said. 'All true—all true. I hid it, and no one knew. And' with a hideous chuckle, 'I've drop'd his pension myself for 15 year!'"

"And were her brother's bones found there?" I asked the rector, in the course of a subsequent conversation on the subject.

"Yes. He had been buried scarcely a couple of feet below the surface. And in a hole in the chimney we found the miser's savings—more than £500 in gold and notes. It was paid over to the government, in return for the 15 years' pension out of which they had been cheated."

"It was a wonder that no one found out the woman's dual personality."

"It was, indeed. But no one dreamed of suspecting. And the woman must have worked it very cunningly. The difference in her look with and without the black wig was quite remarkable. Then her brother's dumbness was a feature in her favor—no chance of being found out by the voice. Of course, to anyone who had the smallest suspicion, the whole thing would soon have revealed itself as plain as a pikestaff. But no suspicion existing, I do not think that the real explanation was likely to cross anyone's mind, and, as a matter of fact, it never did."—London Truth.

Baked Spring Lamb Chops.

Season and cover with egg and bread-crumbs. Bake in the oven until brown, and serve with green peas or tomato sauce. If winter lamb chops are used, it is well to pour melted butter on them the day before using, and to scrape it off before dipping in the egg.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Horse racing was practiced as early as the days when Troy was besieged by the Greeks. In the plain before the city the besiegers celebrated holidays by sports and horse races, and Homer says the walls of Troy were covered with sporting Trojans watching the result.

—The Bavarians appeared, as a separate people, in 630 A. D., when they are mentioned as having been conquered by the Franks.

THE ORIENTAL PEDDLER.

The Hawker of the East Adapts the Gambling System.

The hawk of the east is picturesque in costume, and of many nationalities. His sunny smile and white gleaming teeth are of the very essence of the blue sky overhead. He does not stand still in the street and appeal to passers-by to buy his wares. He flits from cafe to cafe, and interviews loungers smoking their narghilez in the open air. He adopts the gambling system, as being a more direct appeal to human passions. In his hand he carries a lucky bag. When he enters a cafe, he invites you to dip your hand in the bag and try your luck for a pair of live turkeys, a beautiful Egyptian shawl shimmering with gold or silver embroidery, or some other of the many ornaments peculiar to the east. It is difficult to resist his persuasive eloquence.

The method of procedure is this: In his lucky bag the hawk carries 200 numbers. The figures are neatly inscribed on small slips of stiff paper. These are rolled and curled up in the lucky bag, which resembles a pillow case more than anything else. When the peddler enters the cafe his quick eye soon detects a likely customer. To start by doing a trade will greatly enhance his chances with others. Terms are arranged, say, three tries for a half franc. Then you guess, perhaps three times, at the lucky number—say between 100 and 120—as arranged.

On drawing the first number you pay down your half franc. Of course, the odds are very much against you. The hawkers in Cairo and Alexandria make a very fair harvest when these cities are full. As much as 15 to 18 francs for a turkey which cost five francs is pretty good profit. Somebody, of course, wins it in the long run.

The articles disposed of in this way comprise boxes of splendid peaches and other fruits, soap, flowers in great variety, plants and the beautiful point-setia, turkeys and other live stock, game in season, fish, dates, a great variety of ornaments, cunning devices in clocks, furniture, etc.

There is another side to the picture. The eastern hawk would not be content with the mere gamble for a lucky number without exercising his natural ingenuity. While he is talking to a would-be "futtler" he drops his hand into the bag and begins shaking up the numbers. These, it should be explained, are made up in batches of tens and twenties, which are composed of slightly different qualities of paper. In the bag is a false bottom. So delicate is Hassan's or Abdul's touch that he can distinguish one batch from the other with his hand. Instantly you select your numbers he switches them off into the reserved compartment. You may easily be tricked half a dozen times in this way without knowing it. The face of the hawk on such occasions is a study.

Never for a moment does he relax his attention to you. His smile is sunny as the eastern morn; his respectful graciousness never leaves him.—Pearson's Weekly.

NATIONAL CHRISTMAS BIRD.

Turkey Hard Pushed for First Place by the Humble Goose.

The turkey is the American national bird in respect of Christmas. He rules the roost here at Yuletide by virtue of ancient custom, and, no less in token of his own suzerainty excellence. But in other countries it is different.

In England, for example, the sirloin of beef is the prime dish for Christmas day, though many beside Bob Cratchit prefer a goose. In Russia, as a bullist might say, the favorite fowl is a roast pig, dressed with boiled wheat and garnished with his own liver, heart and other important organs.

Frenchmen love their "poulet" on Christmas, as on other days of the year. It is served by preference with the famous Languedoc stew, which is a mess of beef, bacon, garlic, cognac, wine, etc. Their neighbors, the Belgians, yearn at Christmas time for turkey with truffles, but will compromise on a goose stuffed with chestnuts, so that the famous Walloon wafers be thrown in.

Give a German a smoked goose and plenty of cabbage and he will make his Christmas dinner. The Dutchman is fond of goose also, but likes it after the Belgian fashion, roast, and stuffed with chestnuts.

The Hungarian national goulash makes room on the Christmas table for a roasted goose. The same estimable fowl satisfies the inner longings of the Swiss as well.

The turkey has a friend at Christmas in Austria, but the subjects of Franz Josef divide their allegiance with such other matters as carp, sausages and even geese. Denmark votes for goose, too, though with strong reservations in favor of beefsteak, roast pork and other varieties. Portugal eats turkey at Christmas, and many other things beside, so that there cannot be said to be a national weakness for the fowl. In Italy also the turkey holds a place, but not the first place.

Thus it appears that while the turkey has many adherents he is pushed hard for first place by the plain, industrious and unassuming goose.—N. Y. Herald.

Gave It Up.

"Papa, don't fishes have legs?"
"They do not," answered papa.
"Why don't they, papa?"
"Because fishes swim and don't require legs."

The small boy was silent for a few minutes and papa forgot about his questions. Then he said:
"Papa, ducks have legs, don't they?"
"Yes."
"Then why don't fishes have legs if ducks do? Or why don't ducks not have legs if fishes don't?"
Papa gave it up.—Pearson's Weekly.

The traditional chronology of Egypt goes back 5,000 or 6,000 years before Christ. The first mention of Egypt in history was made by Herodotus.

GEO. W. DAVIS.

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BY—

T. L. Green, County Clerk, Mt. Olivet, Ky. I want to buy for cash the following U. S. Revenues, either canceled or uncanceled, at the prices annexed when stamps are sent in good condition:

1 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	5 cents
1 cent Express, red, part perforate.....	5 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, imperforate.....	30 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, part perforate.....	30 cents
1 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
1 cent Telegraph, red, imperforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Express, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Playing Cards, blue, imperforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Playing Cards, orange.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate.....	15 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate.....	15 cents
3 cent Playing Cards, green, imperforate.....	80 cents
3 cent Playing Cards, green, full perforate.....	80 cents
3 cent Telegraph, green, imperforate.....	10 cents
4 cent Playing Card, violet, perforate.....	50 cents
5 cent Proprietary, violet, part perforate.....	30 cents
5 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Playing Card, red, perforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate.....	10 cents
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10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate.....	15 cents
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40 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	75 cents
50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate.....	31 25
70 cent Foreign Exchange, green, full perforate.....	90 cents
\$1 Life Insurance, imperforate.....	\$1
\$1 Manifest, imperforate.....	\$1 10
\$1 Mortgage, full perforate.....	\$1 25
1 00 Passate Ticket, imperforate.....	1 50
1 30 Foreign Exchange, orange, im.ate.....	3 00
1 50 Foreign Exchange, maroon.....	4 00
2 50 Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	5 00
5 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	7 00
20 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	30 00
1 30 Blue and Black.....	1 50
1 50 Blue and Black.....	2 00
5 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 cents
6 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	6 cents
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50 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	3 50
1 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 00
5 00 Black and Green, proprietary.....	15 00

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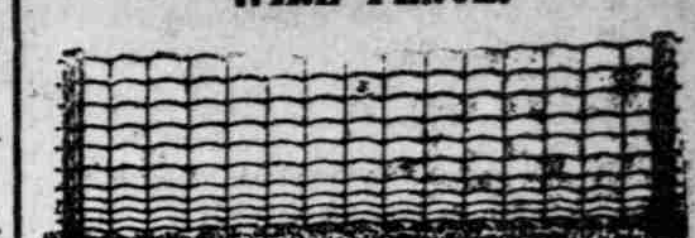
T. L. GREEN, County Clerk, Mt. Olivet, Ky.

NOTE—The above named stamps can be found on Deeds, Mortgages, Notes, Receipts, Agreements, Bank Checks, etc., from 1861 to 1875; also on Proprietary Medicines, Matches, etc.

The foregoing offer is genuine—made in good faith, and will be carried out to the letter in every instance when I receive the stamps I have mentioned in good order. Reference—Mt. Olivet Deposit Bank or any official of Robertson county.

T. L. GREEN, County Clerk.

THE PAGE COILED SPRING WOVEN WIRE FENCE.



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HOW IT IS MADE. The large steel wires forming the horizontal bars are first coiled around a 1/2 inch rod, thus practically becoming COILED SPRINGS their entire length. These are securely tied together by 10 cross bars to the rod. The cross bars are best quality of annealed wire (galvanized), wrapped three times around each horizontal bar.

ITS ADVANTAGES. Being a SELF REGULATOR it is ALWAYS ready for business, slackens up for 30 below as cheerfully as it takes a new grip for 90 in the shade, gently, but firmly persuades a runaway team to reconsider its action. An unruly bull is safe as a canary in its cage; it saith unto the festive hog, "thus far shalt thou go." The fierce wind and drifting snow pass by and it heeds them not. There is no terror in the locomotive spark. The trespasser is not led into temptation, and the rail stealer's "occupation is gone." The hired man and the lagging tramp, alike scorn it properly shade. Like the model housewife, when well supported, it is always neat and tidy.

THREE POSTS TO THE 100 FEET. Economy is not our sole object in placing posts for farm fence at the unusual distance of 20 to 30 feet apart. Farmers say, "the closer the posts the better the fence." That may apply to common fences, but depending largely on its elasticity we PREFER the long panel. For cemeteries, lawns, yards, etc., they should of course be nearer, 12 to 20 feet is not objectionable.

We have completed (and are now building) a lot of this fence for Bourbon farmers and you can examine into its merits for yourself.

Estimates cheerfully furnished. You may put up the posts and we will build the fence, or we will contract to do the whole job. If you are needing any fence, see us. We will save you money and still build you the best fence made.

Respectfully,
MILLER & COLLINS,
PARIS, KY.

The Page Wire Fence in Bourbon.

MILLERSBURG, KY., May 4, '96. MESSRS. MILLER & COLLINS, Agents, Paris, Kentucky.

Gentlemen:—I have had the Page Woven Wire Fence on my farm for about eighteen months and am well pleased with it. It has proved to be all that is claimed for it. It turns all kinds of stock and is as tight as was the day it was put up and has stood some severe tests. A horse of one of my neighbors fell across the fence a few months ago and was not taken off for several hours but when taken off the fence went back to its place all right with the exception of a few staples. During the storm of April 24th a good-sized tree was blown across the fence and bent it down to the ground. As soon as the tree was cast off the fence went up all right and was as good as ever with the exception of one broken wire and a few staples out of place.

I am so well pleased with the fence that I am going to put up more of it right away. Respectfully,
(5my-ty) WM. BECRAFT.

LOCUST POSTS.